

THEATRE ROYAL

DURRY LANE.

Managers ... Messrs. EDMUND FALCONER and F. B. CHATTERTON.

NOTICE.—The Public are respectfully requested to take Notice that the **EXTENSIVE SCENICAL PREPARATIONS** for the
CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
 Will compel the withdrawal on **SATURDAY, December 19th**, for a period extending over the Holidays, of
LORD BYRON'S "MANFRED."

On **MONDAY, DECEMBER 7th, 1863**, and **DURING THE WEEK,**

Her Majesty's Servants will perform the New and Highly-successful Farce, by JOHN OXENFORD, Esq., entitled

BEAUTY OR THE BEAST!

Higgins ...	Mr G. F. NEVILLE	Figgins ...	Mr G. WESTON	Wiggins ...	Mr SPENCER
Wadding ...	Mr FITZJAMES	Stubbs ...	Mr ADDISON	Parker (a Railway Messenger) ...	Mr T. MATHEWS
Porters ...	Messrs WEAVER, KIRK, BEDFORD, and JONES	Telegraph Boy ...	Master NEVILLE		
Mrs Stubbs ...	Mrs EDMUND FALCONER	Hetty ...	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ	Anne Mary ...	Miss SEYMOUR

After which, commencing at a **QUARTER BEFORE EIGHT**, and concluding about Ten o'clock, **LORD BYRON'S**
 Choral Tragedy, of

MANFRED!

MORTALS.

Manfred ...	Mr PHELPS
Abbot of St. Maurice ...	Mr RYDER
A Chamois Hunter ...	Mr A. RAYNER
Manuel ... (an aged retainer)	Mr NEVILLE
Herman ... (a young domestic in the Castle of Manfred)	Mr G. WESTON
Retainers ...	Messrs BEDFORD, WEAVER, KIRK, WILSON, SMITH, & EDWARDS

IMMORTALS.

Arimanes ... (Ruler of the Evil Agencies)	Mr WARDE
Ariel ... (Spirit of the Ether)	Miss LEONTI
Hesper ... (Spirit of the Stars)	Miss LOUISA RITTER
Undine ... (Spirit of the Waters)	Miss POOLE
Miserima ... (Spirit of Memory)	Miss CICELY NOTT
Auster ... (Spirit of the Storm)	Mr SWIFT
Astaroth ... (Spirit of the Earth)	Mr MEAGERSON
Nubes ... (Spirit of the Shadow of Night)	Mr RYDE
Titanos ... (Spirit of the Mountains)	Mr G. SPENCER
Nemesis ... (Goddess of Vengeance)	Mrs EDMUND FALCONER
Clotho ... (the Three Destinies)	Miss EMMA ATKINSON
Lachesis ...	Miss C. WESTON
Atropos ...	Miss MURRAY
The Phantom of Astarte ...	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ
The Witch of the Alps ...	Mrs M. EBURNE

Evil Agencies & Spirit Spectres of the Weird World—Messrs T. MATTHEWS, J. MORRIS, J. CORMACK, Miss SEYMOUR, Miss HARBLEUR, Miss GREEN, Mrs C. MELVILLE, Mrs WARLOW, and the Ladies and Gentlemen of the **CHOIR** and the **BALLET**.

Previous to the Tragedy, the Orchestra will perform **SCHUMANN'S** celebrated **OVERTURE** to **MANFRED**.

ORDER & CHARACTER OF THE SCENERY.—Act 1.

SCENE 1. **STUDIO AND GOTHIC GALLERY IN MANFRED'S CASTLE.**

Scene 2.—A

PRECIPICE & GLACIERS NIGH THE SUMMIT OF THE JUNGFRAU.

Act 2.—Scene 1. **THE CHALET OF THE CHAMOIS HUNTER & ALPINE PASS.**

Scene 2.

THE STEINBACH, A WATERFALL IN ONE OF THE LOWER VALLIES AMONG THE ALPS, AND OVERHANGING CLIFFS, THE HAUNT OF THE WITCH OF THE ALPS.

"The sunbow's rays still arch the torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column o'er the craig's headlong perpendicular."

Scene 3. THE SNOW-CAPPED SUMMIT OF THE JUNGFAU BY MOONLIGHT.

Scene 4. **HALL OF ARIMANES IN THE NETHER WORLD!**

PAINTED BY MR. DANSON AND SON.

Act 3.—Scene 1. **TERRACE & EXTERIOR OF CASTLE.**

Scene 2. **THE TURRET STUDIO, THE MAGIAN'S MIDNIGHT HAUNT!**

Shook & Illumined by a Thunderstorm, and finally destroyed by Flashing Bolt & Crashing Avalanche!

Last Scene **A SNOWY ALPINE WASTE OR WILDERNESS.**

PROGRAMME OF THE SONGS AND CHORUSES.

Act 1.—Scene 1.

Mystical Responses of Viewless Spirits to the Magian's Invocation.

1st SOLO—"Mortal! to thy bidding bow'd" Miss CICELY NOTT
2nd SOLO—"In the blue depth of the Waters" Miss POOLE
3rd SOLO—"I am the Rider of the Wind" Mr. SWIFT
SEPTETTE Misses POOLE, LEONTI, CICELY NOTT, and Mr. SWIFT and CHORUS
THE IMPRECATION—SOLO—"When the Moon is on the Wave" Miss CICELY NOTT
SOLO "Though thy slumber may be deep" Miss POOLE
CHORUS By the whole CHOIR

Act 2.—Scene 3.

SOLO & CHORUS—"The Captive Usurper" Miss CICELY NOTT and CHORUS
SONG—"The Ship sailed on, the Ship sailed fast" Miss CICELY NOTT

Scene 4.

GRAND CHORAL HYMN OF THE EVIL AGENCIES—"Hail to our Master, Prince of Earth and Air." Solo Verses by Mr. SWIFT.—
Chorus by FULL CHOIR.
JUBILANT CHORUS and accompanying DANCE By FULL CHOIR and the BALLET

Act 3.—Last Scene.

GRAND DUAL CHORUS OF GOOD AND EVIL SPIRITS By the PRINCIPAL SINGERS and FULL CHOIR.

The general action of the Tragedy arranged by Mr. PHELPS.

The Incidental Dances designed and directed by Mr. CORMACK. Costumes by Mr. LAUREY and Mrs. LAWLER, from designs by R. W. KEENE, Esq., and from Flaxman's Illustrations of Classical and Mythological Conceptions. Machinery by Mr. J. TUCKER and Assistants. Gas Illuminations by Mr. J. HINCKLEY. Spectral Illusions by Mr. COX, and also

PROFESSOR PEPPER'S adaptation of DIRCK'S INVENTION, under the special Superintendence of PROFESSOR PEPPER.

The whole of the entirely New Scenery designed and principally painted by Mr. W. TELBIN, Assisted by his Son, Mr. H. TELBIN. The Hall of Arimanes, painted by Mr. DANSON & SONS. The Increased Orchestra and present arrangement of the Music, originally composed by Sir Henry Bishop, under the direction of Mr. BARNARD. The Choir under the direction of Mr. CHARLES BEALE.

To conclude with the New and Original Farce, by W. BROUGH and A. HALLIDAY, Esqrs., entitled

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

John O'Groat ... (a retired Tobacconist) ... Mr J. NEVILLE Duncan Grey... (a young Scottish Gentleman)... Mr WARDE
Muggins ... (a Cockney Hairdresser) ... Mr. G. BELMORE Walker ... (a Cockney Greengrocer) ... Mr. G. WESTON
Gillie ... (a Scotch Servant) ... Mr. J. MORRIS
Tibbie ... Mrs. C. MELVILLE Caledonia O'Groat... (only Daughter of O'Groat)... Miss HARFLEUR

TIME—PRESENT.

IN PREPARATION—

A GRAND COMIC CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME!

To ensure the Scenical Magnificence of which, the exclusive services of the celebrated Artist,

MR. WILLIAM BEVERLEY,

HAVE BEEN RETAINED.

Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 21s., £1 11s. 6d., £2 2s., £3 3s. and £4 4s. Stalls, 6s. Dress Circle, 4s. First Circle, 3s.
Boxes, 2s. Pit, 2s. Lower Gallery, 1s. Upper Gallery, 6d. NO HALF-PRICE.

LORD BYRON'S "MANFRED," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

From the "TIMES," October 13th, 1863.

THE aspect of an audience like that which on Saturday night filled Drury-lane to overflowing can alone impress us with the value of a large theatre as a vehicle for expressing the predilection of the masses. A large theatre scantily attended seems a dismal misappropriation of space, and for ordinary purposes a house of moderate dimensions is sufficient. But within narrow precincts it is impossible to obtain any semblance of a popular demonstration anything approaching the effect of the ample pit, boxes, and gallery of Drury-lane, when packed close with human particles. There could not on Saturday night be a moment's doubt that the announcement of Lord Byron's *Manfred*, with Mr. Phelps in the principal character, had caused a fever of expectation and curiosity among that numerous class in whose eyes "Old Drury" always has the prestige of nationality. Long before the commencement of the play, not only was every place occupied, but a train of disappointed persons might be met returning from the doors, unable to find room adapted to the purpose of either sitting or standing.

The cause of attraction was twofold. In the first place, *Manfred*, when brought out at Covent-garden in 1834 (nearly 20 years after its publication) created sensation enough to be still remembered by elderly playgoers, who preserved the tradition of its wonders to the rising generation. The other cause of excitement was the appearance of Mr. Phelps. Not only does this gentleman stand high as a member of the theatrical profession, but his exertions in the cause of the legitimate drama at Sadler's Wells have earned for him a veneration which in some persons almost borders on idolatry. In the eyes of that large body of liberal-minded men who distinctly represent the extended education of the present day, and who hail everything like a revival of the Shakspearian drama as a laudable attempt to cultivate the masses, Mr. Phelps is one of the great benefactors of his age, and probably among the throng of Saturday night were many delegates from the north of London, anxious to honour their local hero on his appearance at a theatre which now wholly ceases to be considered national. We are, indeed, disposed to think that the anxiety to see Mr. Phelps in his new position was even more potent than the curiosity excited by the revival of *Manfred*, for scarcely ever was heard such a burst of applause as arose on Saturday when the curtain was drawn up and discovered the tragedian alone upon the stage. The exclamations seemed to be all blended into one mighty voice, and that voice to express but one feeling.

Manfred, though a character of many words and of much reflection, is not a great acting part. The effect which the character is capable of producing depends on sustained declamation, and perhaps the declamation of Mr. Phelps on Saturday could scarcely be surpassed, so true was his reading, so just, while so unobtrusive, was his discrimination of emotions.

Scenery is, of course, all essential to a stage representation of *Manfred*, for they must be bigoted believers in the omnipotence of poetry who think that this wondrous poem would make an attractive play without accessories, or that, in fact, it is a play at all. By the engagement of Miss Heath to play the Witch of the Alps, and of Miss E. Atkinson to represent the first of the three Destinies, the managers, of course, give completeness to the cast, already strong with Mr. Ryder as the Abbot and Mr. A. Rayner as the Hunter.

Perceiving that the success of the piece entirely depends on the character of *Manfred* and the accessory decorations, Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton have spared no cost to make the latter as striking as possible. The view of the Steinbach, with a mechanical waterfall constantly in motion, and with the Witch of the Alps in the foreground, dressed in one of those suits of interminable drapery with which transformation scenes have made us familiar, is an elaborate and imposing "set," evidently intended to be the grand tableau of the piece. But we seem more plainly to recognize the hand of Mr. W. Telbin in the scene of the precipice, with which the first act concludes. The dark rocky mass in the foreground richly contrasts with the snow-capped mountains in the distance, and the ascent of *Manfred* and the Hunter is admirably contrived. The Hall of Arimanes, with the Monarch of Evil seated on a globe of fire, in the midst of an amphitheatre peopled by malignant spirits, is the work of Messrs. Danson.

That *Manfred* will ever occupy a permanent place in the dramatic repertory of this country is not to be expected. But there is no doubt that by its representation at Drury-lane sufficient is given to the public to warrant a belief that for some time it will excite a large amount of curiosity. With magnificent poetry admirably declaimed, with scenic effects on the largest scale, and with illustrative music of a far higher character than commonly accompanies spectacles, it would be hard indeed if a work that made a great sensation in 1834 should fail to attract in 1863.

BY A DILETTANTE BEHIND THE SCENES.

THE PROEM.

IF it be the complaint of those who regard the Stage as something more than a source of transitory excitement or shallow pastime, that Poetry has for many years past been banished from our theatres, save in the questionable form of an operatic libretto, the production of a work which in its essence is almost purely a poem, and in which the dramatic element is reduced to its lowest expression, may be regarded as a sort of managerial coup d'état on the part of the gentlemen who at present preside over the fortunes of Drury Lane Theatre, and as denoting an intention to inaugurate a reaction against the too realistic tendencies of the day in matters theatrical, by a direct and almost exclusive appeal to the more refined tastes and higher aspirations of an intellectual public. This impression is moreover strongly confirmed when it is seen that the minister they have chosen for the execution of this uncompromising measure is Mr. PHELPS, whose artistic career is identified with a steady, unswerving devotion to all that is pure and ennobling in the Drama, and whose conscientious and well-directed efforts have kept alive that respect for the higher purposes of the Stage which it is hoped may be fanned into a warmer feeling. Though, therefore, Messrs. FALCONER and CHATTERTON have put forth no manifesto declaring their resolve to take advantage of the symptoms which have not been waiting to indicate a returning appetite for a healthier, soberer, and more chastened form of dramatic entertainment, and with becoming discretion have simply made the experiment, omitting nothing that could contribute to its success, but at the same time abstaining from the danger of scoring the timid convalescence of public taste into a relapse by a pompous parade of virtuous intentions, there can be little doubt that in witnessing the revival, after an interval of more than thirty years, of BYRON'S dramatic poem of "MANFRED," the public will be taking part in a laudable and spirited attempt to restore some dignity and some elevation to the productions of the English Stage, the success of which, and the consequent revival of the bygone glories of Drury Lane Theatre, will mainly depend upon their appreciation of this important step.

THE POEM.

OF all the works of Lord BYRON, "MANFRED" is that in which his poetical genius soars with the greatest strength of wing into regions purely ideal, and revels amidst conceptions cleansed and purified to a greater extent from the dross of earthly passions than are to be found in any other of his productions. At the same time, however, there is in it, wrought up to its intensest pitch, that peculiar element of gloomy, despairing misanthropy, which is, as it were, the expression of the poet's personality, and which seems like some intoxicating fume arising from the depths of his volcanic soul, to stimulate his poetical inspiration, as the sulphurous exhalations in the cave of Delphi brought out, amidst convulsions of agony, the divine utterances of the priestess.

The mixture of remorse for some hidden, fate-impelled crime, and of haughty disdain for all the ways of men, forming the constituent ingredients of this brooding, self-devouring melancholy which the poet loved to attribute to his heroes, is in *MANFRED* idealized beyond human proportions. The mystery of his crime is shrouded in hints so terrible, yet so impenetrably dark, that the imagination fears to speculate on its nature; it seems that, if it were uttered, the universe would be convulsed. His self-isolation is so complete, that it raises him above merely mortal nature, and leaves him nothing human but the power of feeling and suffering; and it is this intense

self-assertion—this absolute independence, moral and intellectual, of all communion with created Man, that seems to lend him his strange power over the hidden elements of Nature, rather than the magical studies of which he speaks. Unlike the other moody and misanthropical heroes of the poet—LARA, CONRAN, CHILDE HAROLD—who still preserve some vestiges of ordinary human instincts, he neither seeks to numb the gnawing agony within, by plunging into daring and wild adventures, nor indulge his sullen and splenetic pride in reviewing the scenes of History, and hurling taunting sarcasms at the petty deeds of men. He is attached to earth only by the memory of some beautiful and passionately-beloved being, who is herself no longer of earth—her death being associated with the terrible, unspeakable crime that inspires his torturing, cureless remorse.

Amidst the awful beauty and grandeur of Alpine scenery, where his ancestral abode is fixed, and with which he has from childhood been familiar, he lives alone with his inextinguishable sorrow and his unconquerable disdain for mortal nature; the only refuge he seeks from his anguish and desolation is the contemplation of Nature in her terror and in her loveliness, and his only dealings are with the potent spirits that preside over the elements, and over whom his magical studies have given him power—a power, however, which avails him nothing towards assuaging the tortures of his mind. Another essential, and, so to speak, personal characteristic of Lord BYRON'S genius, is here thus developed:—His intense love for all the changeful moods and aspects of Nature—a love so deep and reverential, that it amounted almost to a religion, and has inspired him with passages, the grandeur and elevation of which, combined with their intensely-vivid picturesque truth, have never been surpassed. Of these splendid tributes to the mightiness and beauty of Creation, the poem "MANFRED" possesses more than one; and the address to the Sun, as *MANFRED*, from the window of his ancestral hall, sees it setting in glory for the last time—his death on the following day having been foretold by Astarte, when her spirit is evoked in the hall of Arimanes—is impressed with a calm sublimity which is more characteristic of Milton than of BYRON.

There are but two human beings with whom *MANFRED* is brought in actual contact—the Chamois-hunter and the Abbot; the rest are invisible spirits, having only a voice, or appearing in forms which they take at his bidding, and the dread inhabitants of the nether world which *MANFRED* visits to seek a remedy for his agonised spirit. Belonging to a world which he despises and unwillingly encountered, neither the poor Peasant who saves his life when in a paroxysm of despair he is about to hurl himself from the precipice, nor the pious Churchman who seeks to save his soul from the doom he deems it threatened with through *MANFRED*'S magical dealings;—neither of these members of a condemned race, gratuitously obtruding services for which he has no thanks, are repulsed with harshness or overwhelmed with haughty rebuke, as would assuredly have been the case with the other gloomy heroes of the poet. Both, on the contrary, elicit softened answers, in which the expression of melancholy and despair, inaccessible to mortal aid, is tempered with a deep humanity in the one case, and in the other with a tone of solemn reverence for the Abbot's holy office, and the sacred source of his ministrations. This distinction adds again, in an important degree, to the superior ideal grandeur of "MANFRED," over other creations of BYRON which it resembles, and contributes to make, in fact, of this drama, the apotheosis of the poet's ideal hero, after a series of appearances in shapes more vulgarly carnal—more grossly compounded of mortal clay. *MANFRED*'S mysterious sin is apparently of deeper dye than that

LORD BYRON'S "MANFRED."

which oppressed those former personages to whom we have compared him; the agony of his remorse is more hopelessly beyond the reach of consolation; his death, darkened by supernatural terrors, absent in the other instances, is met with even greater stoicism—but there is in the manner of this not sudden but seen calmly approaching death, some tokens of a spiritual redemption, some sign of the bowing of that Satanic haughtiness of spirit to a Power supreme and absolute, which reflects back a moral sublimity on the whole poem. This was undoubtedly the feeling and intention of Lord Byron, who, in a note to his publisher, after receiving the first edition, from which MANFRED'S dying sentence—

"Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die,"—

was most unaccountably omitted, writes thus:—"You have destroyed the whole effect and moral of the poem, by omitting the last line of MANFRED'S speaking."

The relation of "MANFRED" to the "FAUST" of GOETHE, on which great stress has been laid by some critics, and especially by the great German poet himself, is rather one of contrast than resemblance. It is true BYRON seems to admit that he derived the first germ of his poem from the masterpiece of GOETHE, when he writes as follows to Murray, *à propos* of GOETHE'S notice of "MANFRED," in the *Kunst und Alterthum*:—"His 'Faust' I never read, for I don't know German; but Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816, at Coligny, translated most of it to me *à voce*, and I was naturally much struck with it; but it was the Steinbach, and the Jungfrau, and something else, much more than Faustus, that made me write 'MANFRED.' The first scene, however, and that of 'Faustus,' are very similar."—Beyond this similarity in the opening scenes of the two dramas, it is indeed impossible to trace any analogy. Faust and Manfred are both magicians, and both summon spirits to their presence; but the resemblance ends here. The character and motives of the two heroes are perfectly distinct—nay, almost perfectly opposed. Faust is weary of a life spent in acquiring and teaching the profitless learning of the schools, and yearns to plunge into the whirl of active existence, with all the fresh feelings of youth. MANFRED has had his day of life and love, and it has ended in guilt and incurable anguish, from which he seeks relief amidst the powers that rule over the elements of Nature, and those darker spirits that preside over the passions and destinies of Man. In "FAUST" the action is prospective—in "MANFRED" it is retrospective; or, more properly speaking, there is really no action, and we are merely assisting at the *dénouement* of a tragedy the terrible details of which are left to the imagination. Had GOETHE introduced us to his Faust after the seduction, crime, and death of Margaret, his soul harrowed with incurable remorse, and seeking vainly, in the supernatural world, some remedy to his anguish, some unknown halm of consolation to his perplexed spirit, and had the shade of Margaret appeared to him through the might of his invocations—having been judged and saved—a passionless ghost, silent to his burning entreaties for one solacing word, and speaking only to reveal that his hour was at hand, there would then indeed have been a perfect parallel, instead of an absolute contrast, between the two works. If there be properly any prototype to MANFRED, it is undoubtedly rather to be looked for in the *Prometheus of Æschylus*, with which Lord Byron was perfectly familiar, it being one of the Greek plays read in his time, thrice a year, at Harrow, and of which he says, in one of his letters, he was passionately fond, adding, that this work, if not exactly in the plan of "MANFRED," had always been so much in his head, that he could easily conceive its influence over all or anything he had written.

THE SCENERY.

LORD BYRON'S impression, from which he derived such high satisfaction, that his Witch Drama, as he nicknamed it, was totally impracticable for the Stage, was undoubtedly a very natural one in his day, when scenic art and scenic appliances were in no condition to grapple with such a *mise en scène* as is required to realise the scenes, whether of the upper or nether world, through which his dramatic poem moves. He did not conceive that the want of action—the absence of any defined plot or real dramatic interest—which constituted their unfitness for representation, at which he felt or affected so much delight, could be compensated by the art of the scene-painter, which should place before the spectator, in all their beauty, grandeur and immensity, those snow-clad mountain peaks, those mist-enveloped seas of ice and foaming cataracts, which he so magnificently describes; and that a new interest could be created to give a breathing life to his poem, by evoking, in almost actual presence the very scenes which inspired the uttered words, and in which they are reflected in colours so vivid and so truthful. Lord Byron has written—and no doubt with absolute truth—that the Jungfrau and the torrent-fall of the Steinbach were the main sources of his inspiration when he composed "MANFRED," and Mr. TELBIN enables us to see, as the poet saw them, these glorious spectacles that set his fancy brooding, and the creatures of his teeming brain speak and move amidst the very scenes and under the potent influences that gave them birth.

In the second scene of the drama, when MANFRED, wrapt in self-communion, has elambered to the edge of a precipitous crag that faces the mountain of the Jungfrau, the picture that rises dimly before the imagination, as we read the words of MANFRED, is absolutely realised—perfect in every detail:—

"And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance."

There stands the rugged, granite face of the mountain, softened by the airy distance, and bathed in the rosy beams of the morning sun, which shoot past, leaving a long level line of transparent shadow beneath, to illumine, as with a row of beacon lights announcing day, the bluish tops of a more distant range.

With equal truth, and with a power of imagination which keeps pace with the entrapt fancy of the poet, does MR. TELBIN bring before us the cataract of the Steinbach, spanned by the prismatic spectrum, as in the description of MANFRED:—

"It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,

And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse."

Never, it may be fearlessly asserted, has scenic art produced a more perfectly beautiful transcript of a natural spectacle, so fairy-like in its loveliness, and so apparently beyond the power of mortal man to imitate. There springs the living torrent from the dark, over-shadowing crags, leaping into the light which crowns it with a diadem of many hues; and there wave the lines of foaming spray that called up in the poet's mind the awful image of the pale horse in the Apocalypse.

Nor when the purely imaginary vision of the beautiful Witch of the Alps, rising obedient to the invocation of MANFRED, beneath the arch of the sun-bow of the torrent, has to be realised, and, taking the semblance of Miss HEATH, slowly emerges from the mist of spray by a process that secures the reverse of melting or evaporation, the fluid and aerial taking here a solid shape, or the words of the poet less happily made to live in the reality:—

"Beautiful spirit, with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
The dreams of Earth's least mortal daughters grow
To an unearthly stature, in an essence
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek;
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rose tints which Summer's twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of Earth embracing with her Heaven,
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee."

In the third scene of the second act, representing the moonlit summit of the Jungfrau mountain, the nocturnal trysting-place of NEARIS and the Three Destinies, MR. TELBIN has again given a faithful reflex of the descriptive passage placed in the mouth of the first Destiny:—

"The moon is rising broad, and round, and bright;
And here on snows, where never human foot
Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread,
And leave no traces; o'er the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
Frozen in a moment—a dead whirlpool's image;
And this most steep, fantastic pinnacle,
The fretwork of some earthquake—where the clouds
Pause to repose themselves in passing by—
Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils."

All must admire the solemn beauty of this scene, and the exquisite truth of the moonlight effect upon the still and lone mountain-top, so profoundly harmonizing with the weird personages who visit it "by the pale glimpses of the moon."

The HALL of ARIMANES, in which the chief of the evil spirits is seen, throned on a globe of fire, the Turret Studio in Manfred's Castle, which is destroyed in the midst of a terrible convulsion of the elements, and the Snowy Alpine Waste on which the Spirits of Good and Evil assemble, and hurst into the grand dual chorus with which the Drama terminates, are, though of a more conventional order than those on which we have dwelt, all admirable specimens of scenic effect.

If the author of "MANFRED" was unable to anticipate the extent to which the progress of the scene-painter's art would render it possible to represent with fidelity upon the Stage the wild and magnificent scenery amidst which he has placed his Drama, still less could he have any idea that the unsubstantial visions, which play so important a part in the poem, could be made, by the aid of science, to have representatives as shadowy and impalpable as they were conceived to be in the poet's imagination. On this point we will not further expatiate, save to observe that the phantoms and spirit-shapes evoked by MANFRED are substantial only to the view, and would elude all attempts to grasp them.

THE MUSIC.

AMONG the aids by which "MANFRED" is on the present occasion rendered more acceptable to a theatrical audience than was deemed possible by the poet, not the least powerful is Music, and this as legitimately and with as much propriety as the sister art of Painting; for not only does MANFRED express the profoundest sympathy with sweet sounds in the lines—

"The natural music of the mountain reed—
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd.
My soul would drink those echoes.—O that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blest tone that made me!"

But the poet himself has authorized the employment of music by making his work to a certain extent choral, like the "FAUST" and the "PROMETHEUS," which in some measure prompted its composition.

The music, composed by SIR HENRY BISHOP, for "MANFRED," when it was produced—or rather when a very mutilated and defaced version was substituted for it—was ready to hand, and being replete with the peculiar beauties of our great English glee-composer, has naturally been employed. But as the "MANFRED" of thirty years ago, and the "MANFRED" produced under the direction of MR. PHELPS, are very different indeed, it has been necessary to re-adapt, and in some cases to make additions to the original score. This task has been entrusted to the able and experienced hands of MR. BARNARD, who, in the song which he has written for Miss POOLE, "In the blue depth of waters," has proved himself a composer of high merit, as well as that which he has been long known to be, a conductor of skill, taste, and discretion. The other addition to the original music, "The Captive Usurper," a solo and chorus for Miss CLEGGY NORT, and a song, "The ship sailed on," for Miss EMMA HETWOOD, is the composition of MR. RANDOLPH, and are worthy to hold their place side by side with the work of SIR HENRY BISHOP.